



When might she return? Today? Tomorrow? Now, or never?

I don't know that either. Oh, I wish I did.

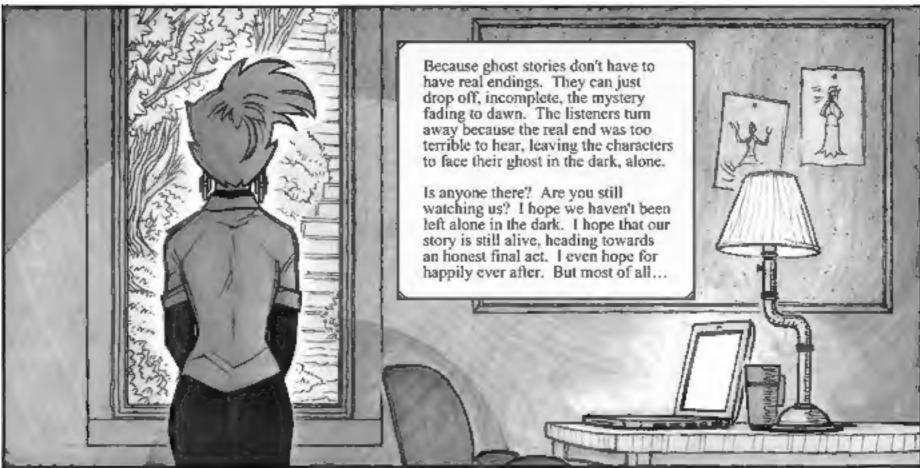
> Uncertainty has become our routine. Each morning carries a hint of dread, a chance that she'll knock on our door. I can only imagine what I'll see when it opens.

I've changed with the years, as people often do. How has she been changed, I wonder, by the alien years of strange realms? What else has she become besides Sandra? Maybe that was her final curse... leaving us to wonder forever.

Now, you may ask, what's the lesson in this awful story? Every fairy tale must have a moral. But then... maybe this isn't a fairy tale after all.

ULT MAC













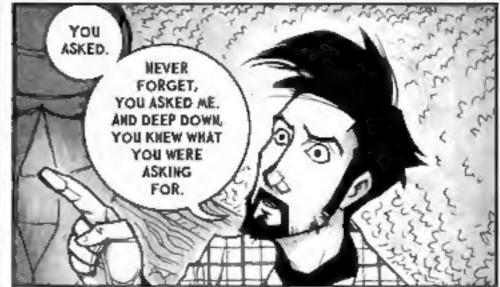




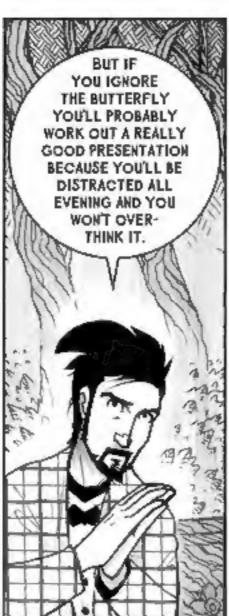


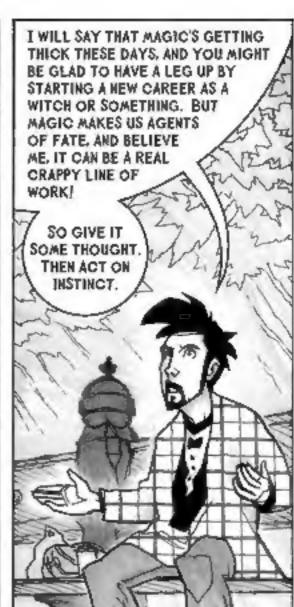














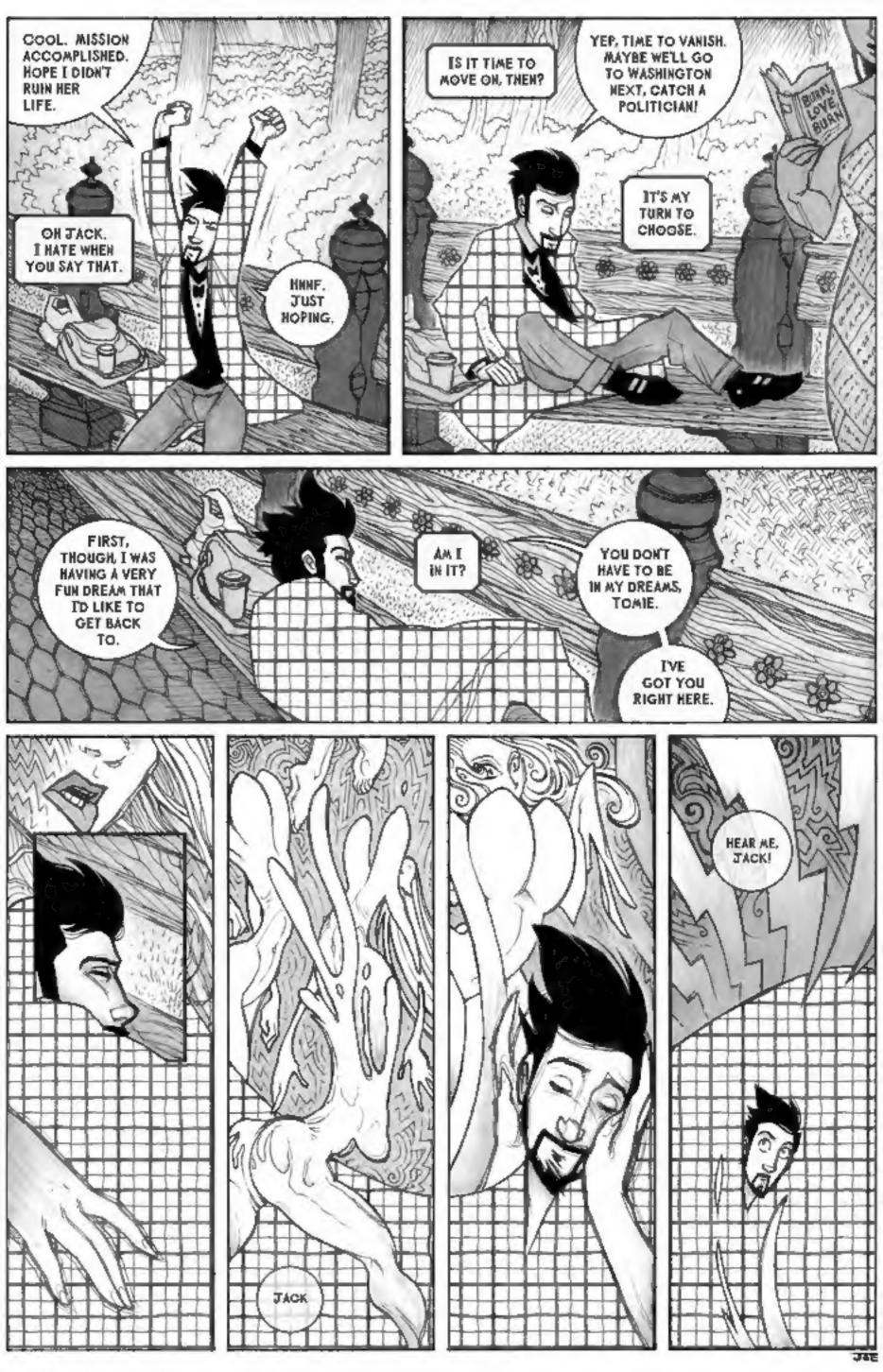


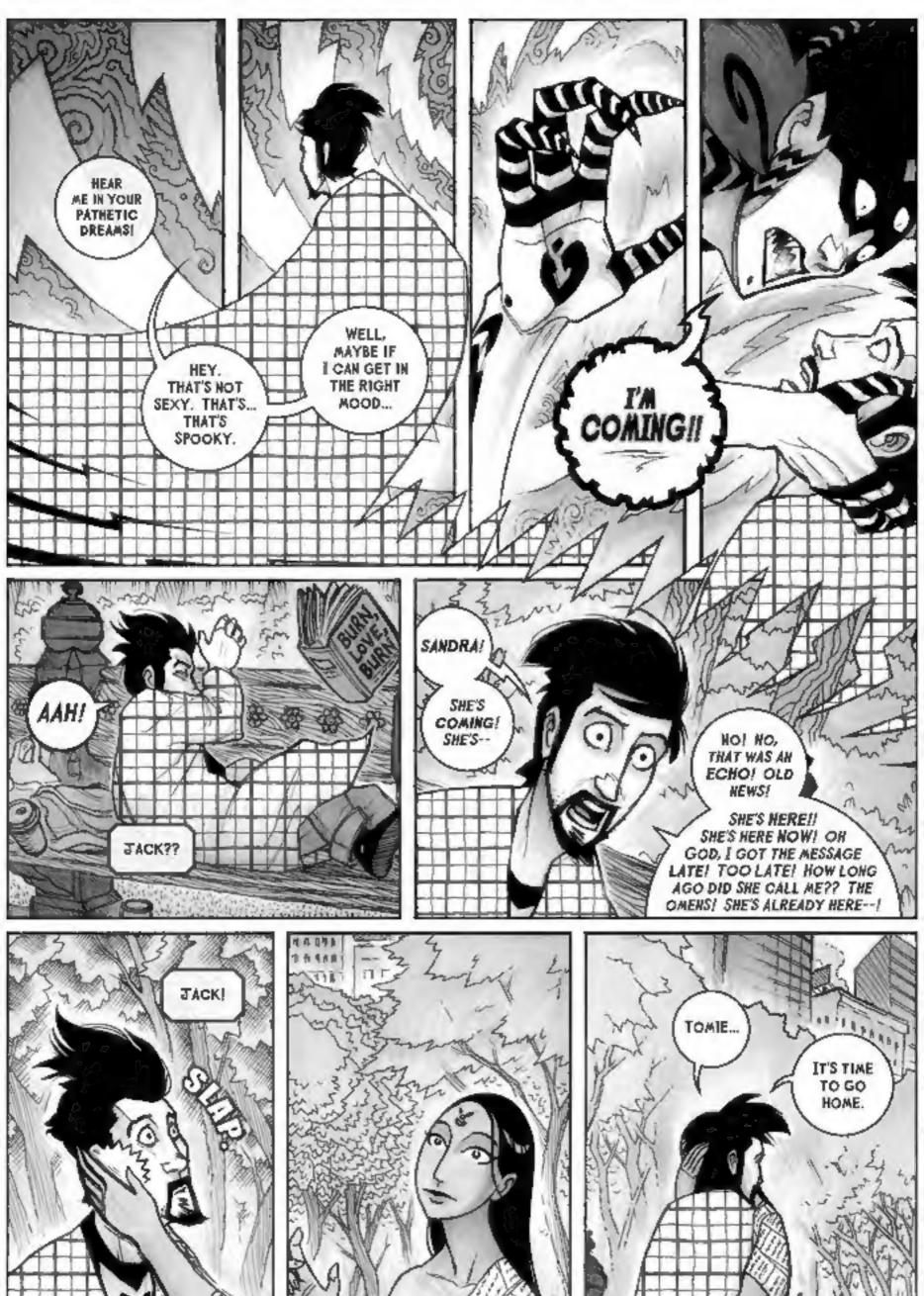


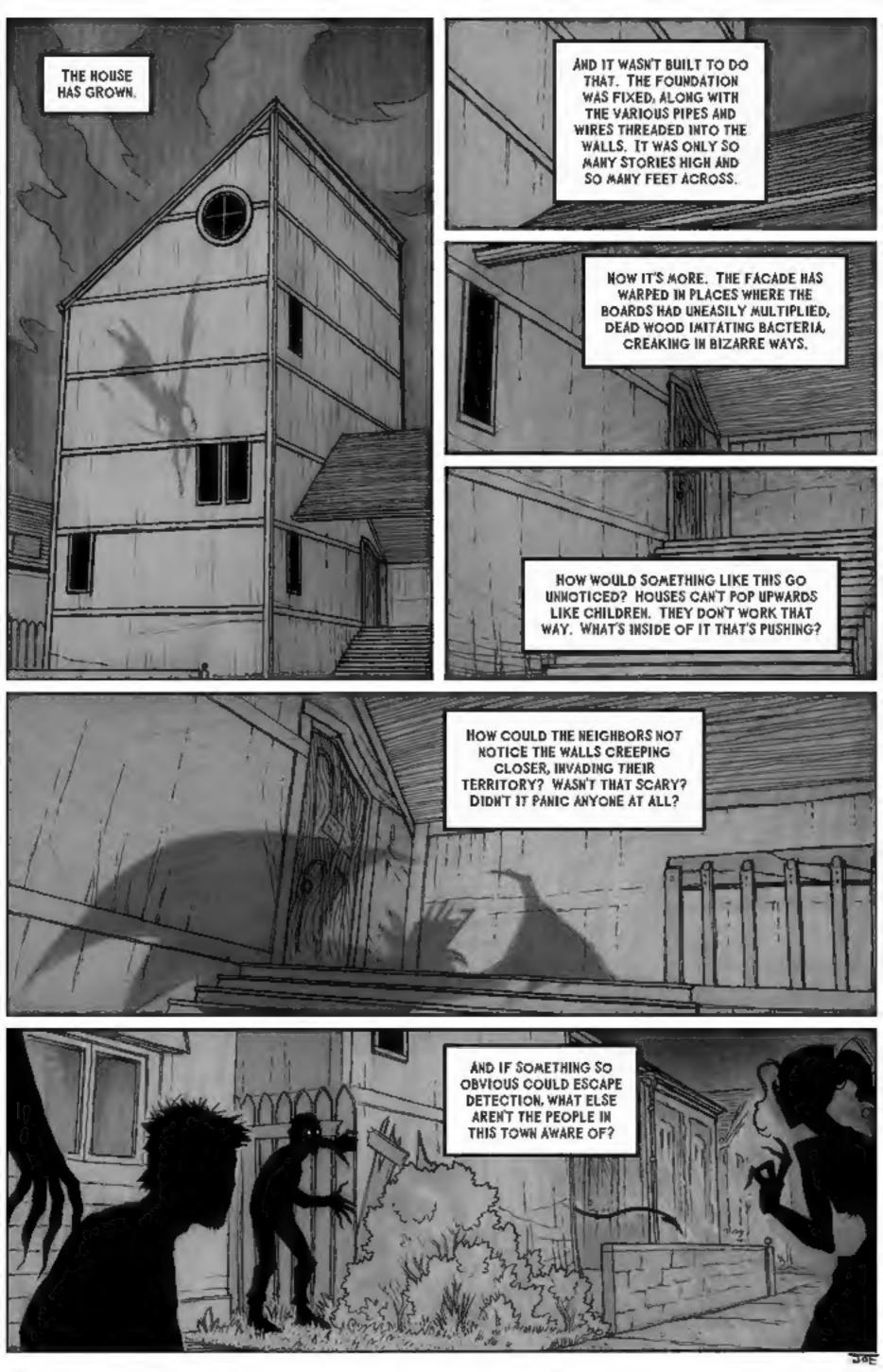


















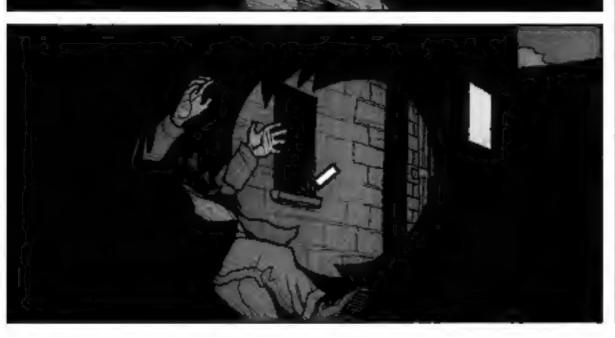
ONE BY ONE THE
LOCALS ACTED ON
UNCONSCIOUS CUES
TO CONTINUE THEIR
LIVES ELSEWHERE.

WHICH MAY BE FOR THE BEST, SINCE WHO CAN SAY WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THE PLACE KEEPS GROWING? WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE ADJACENT BUILDINGS?





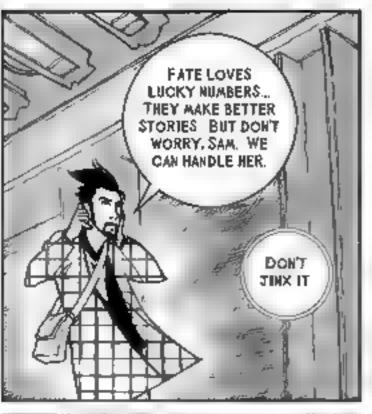


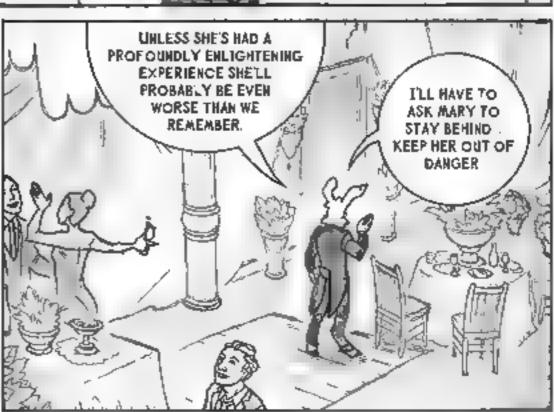




















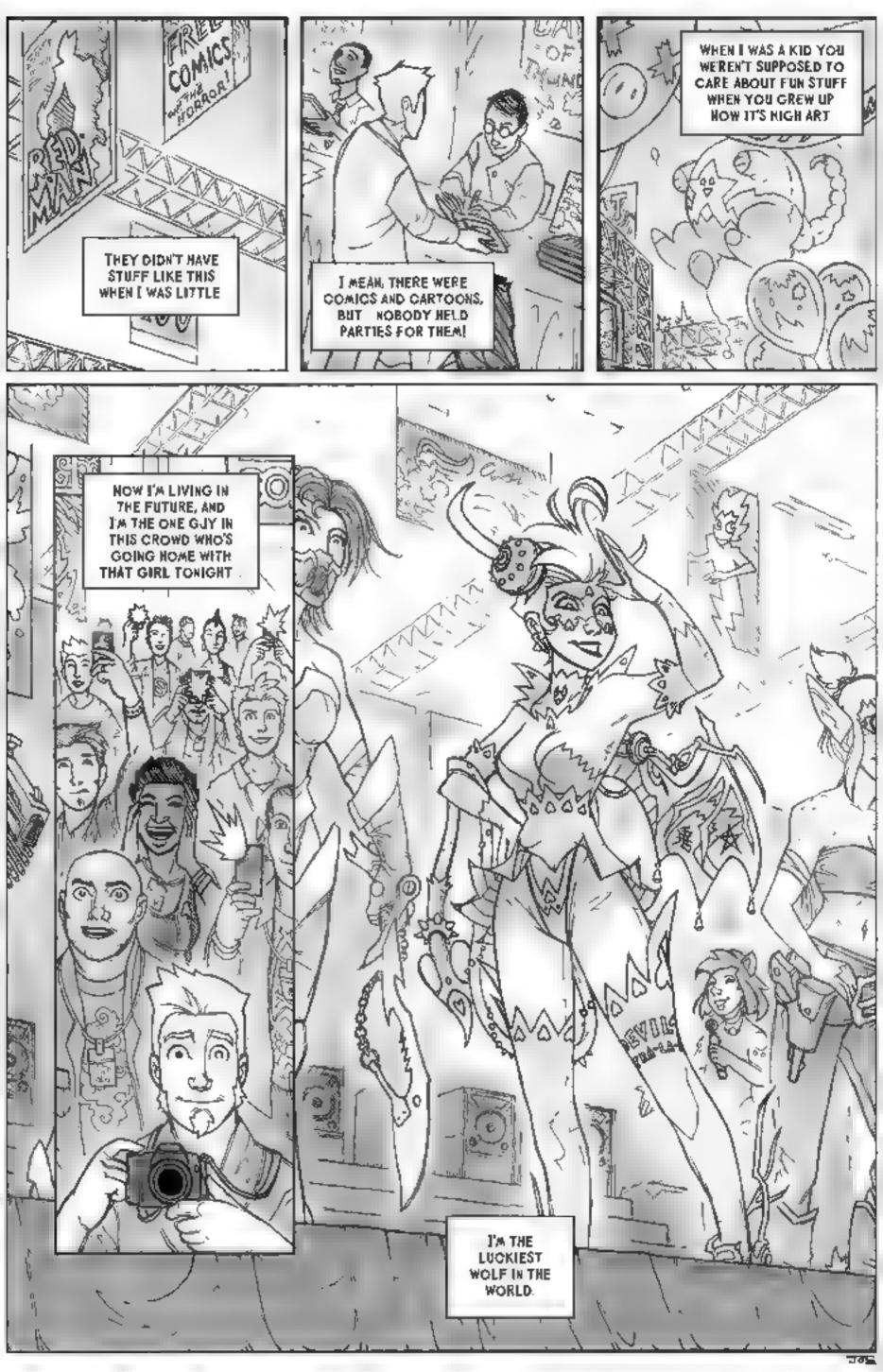


















































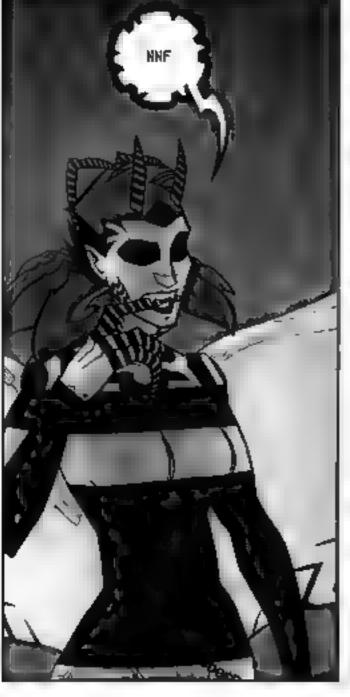








































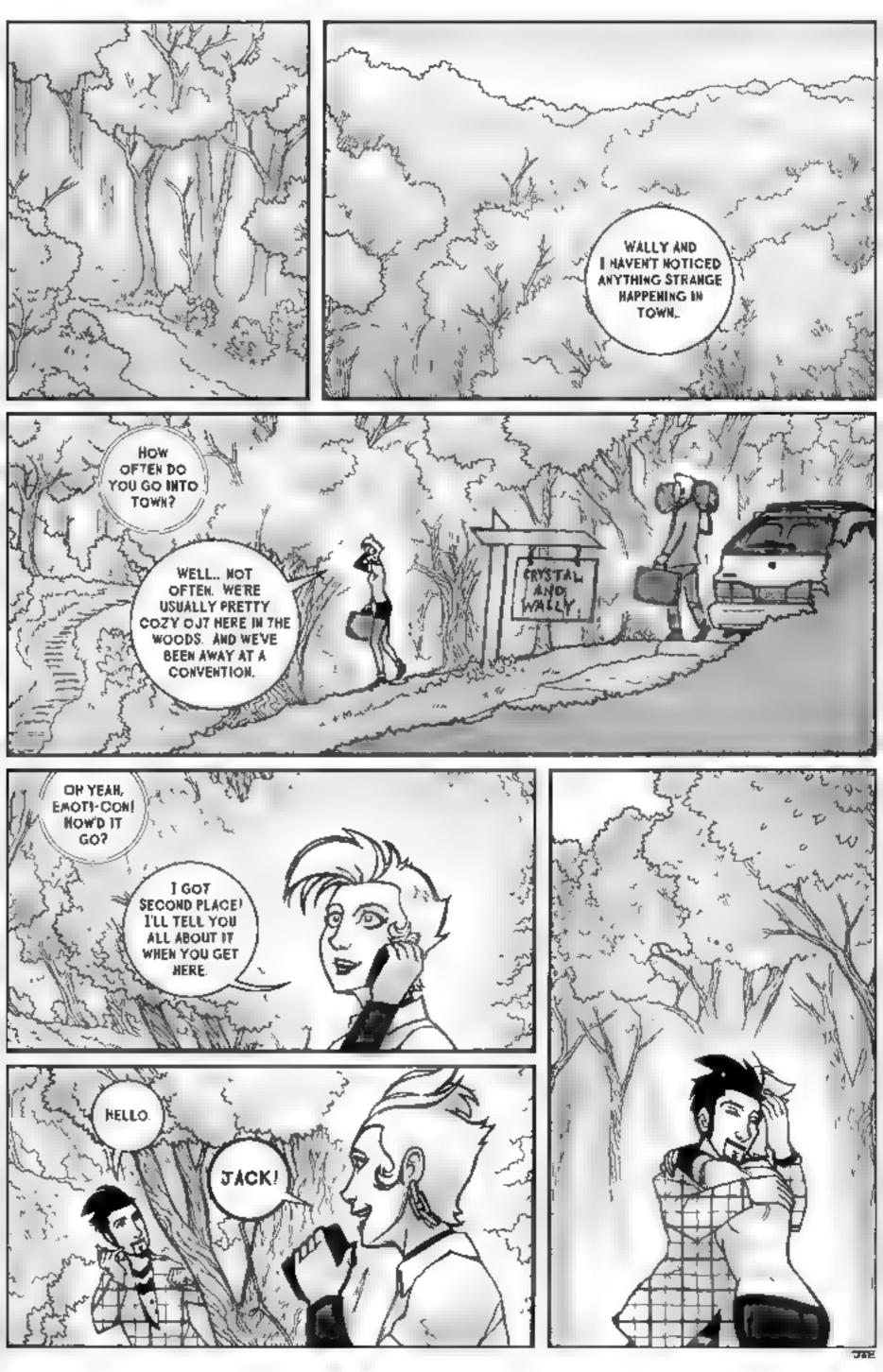


















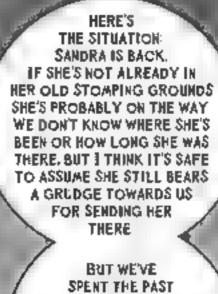




Today at 5:0







SPENT THE PAST
FOUR YEARS PREPARING
FOR THIS! I'VE MADE A SMALL
ARSENAL OF SPECIAL SPELLS
JUST FOR HER. TOMORROW
WE'RE GOING TO GO INTO
TOWN AND SEE WHAT
WE CAN FIND...



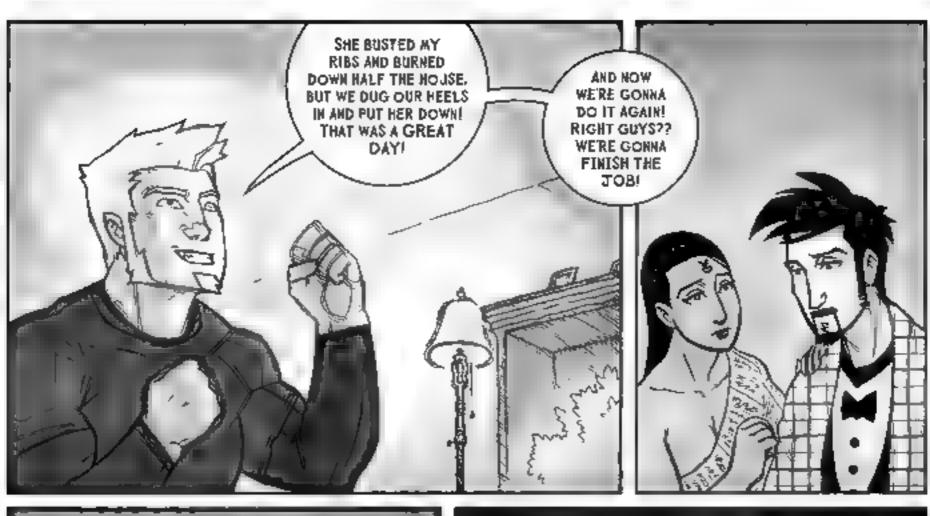












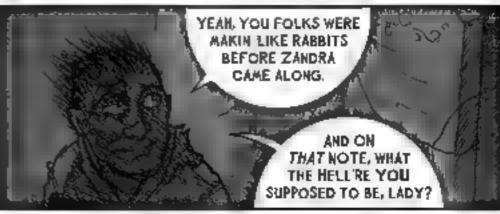
























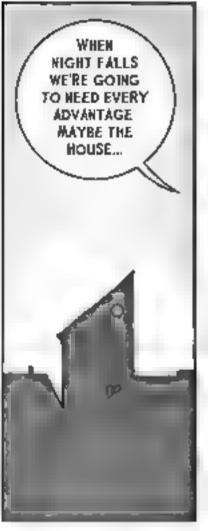












































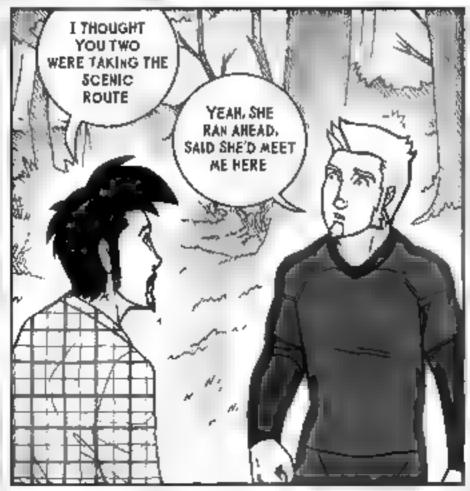














































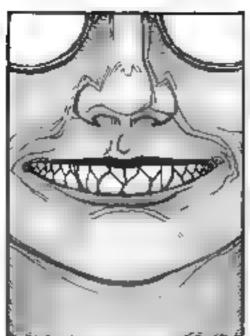




















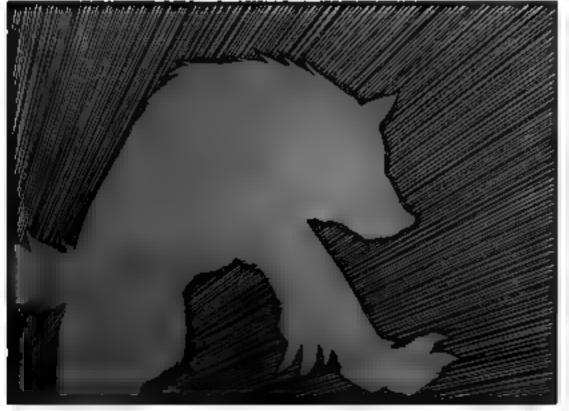






























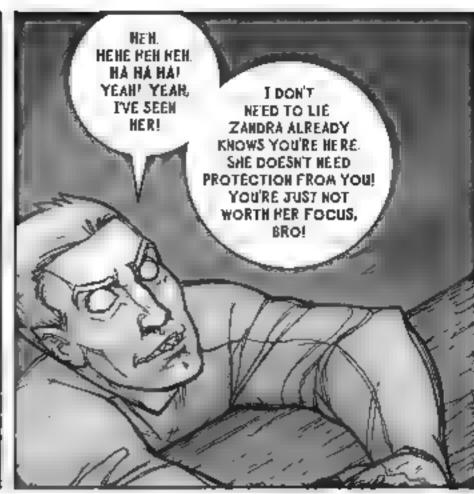


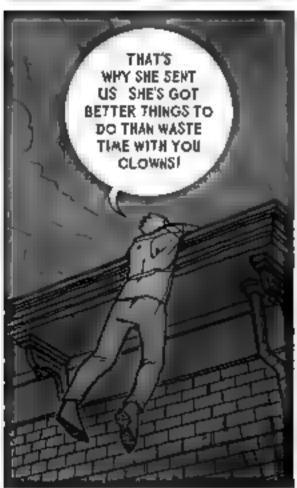




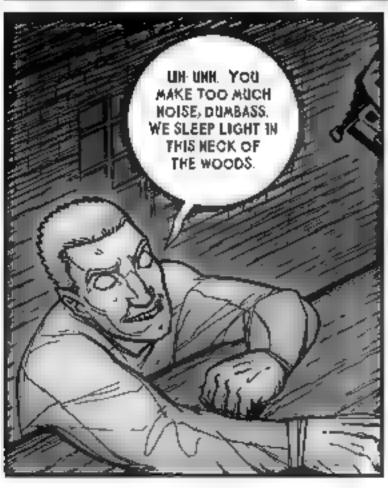








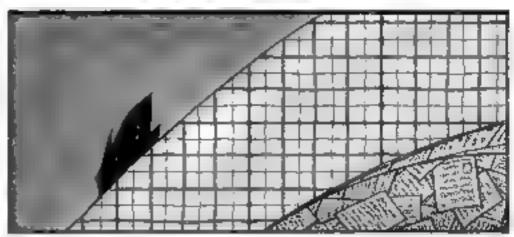


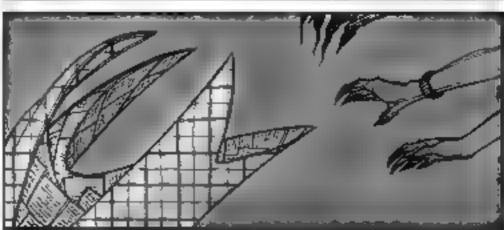








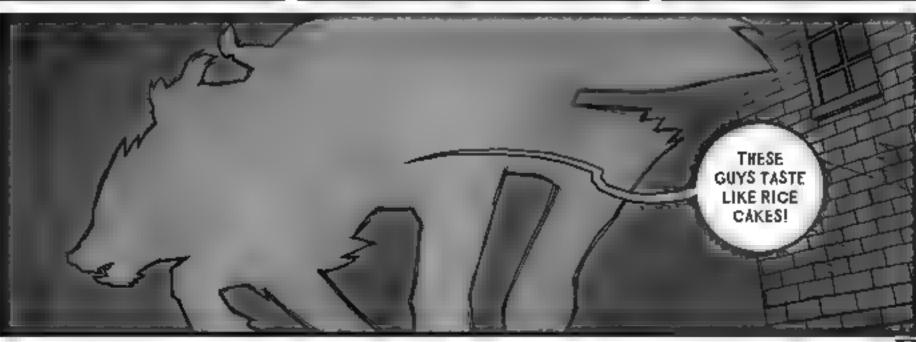
















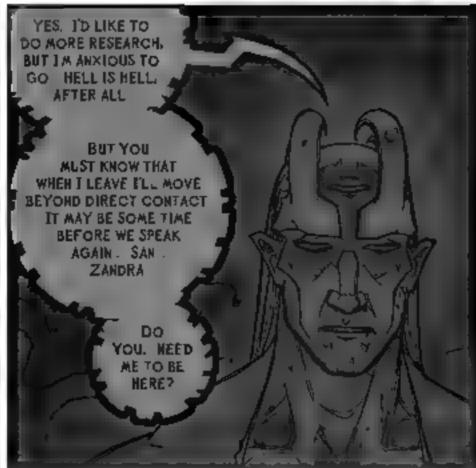






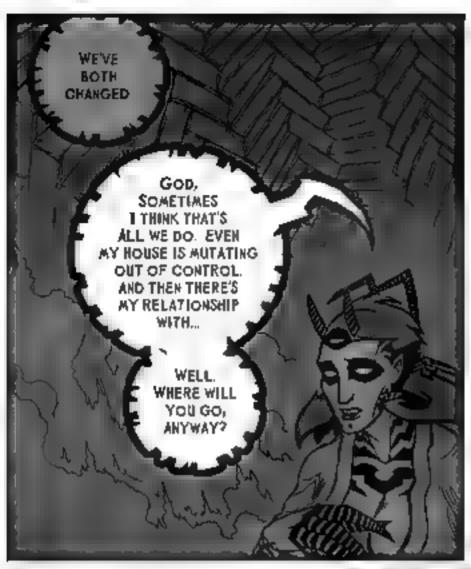


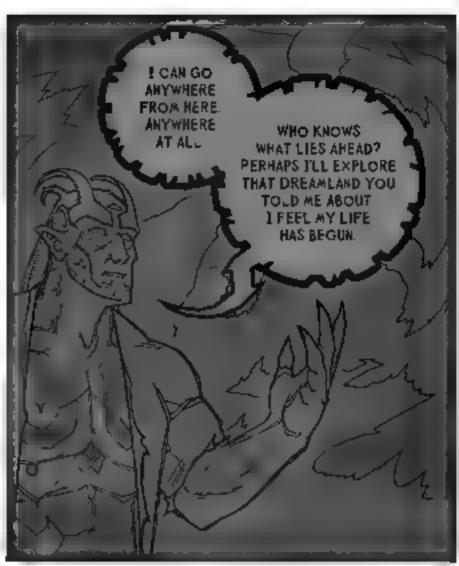




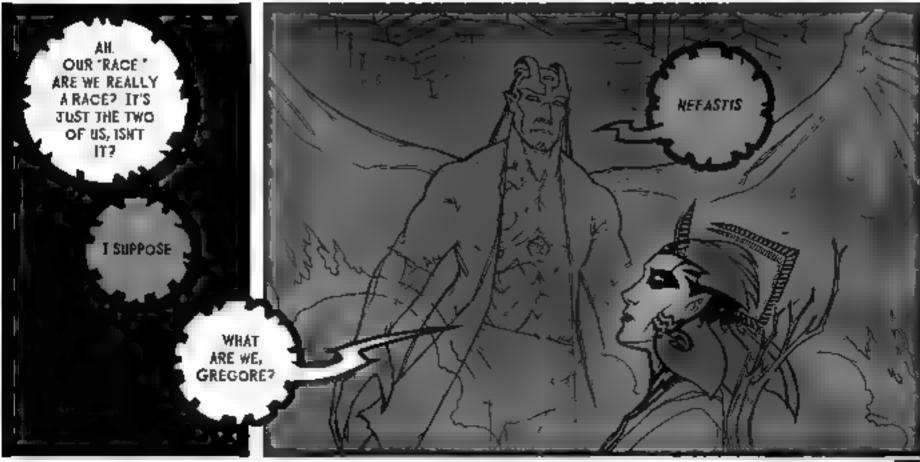






















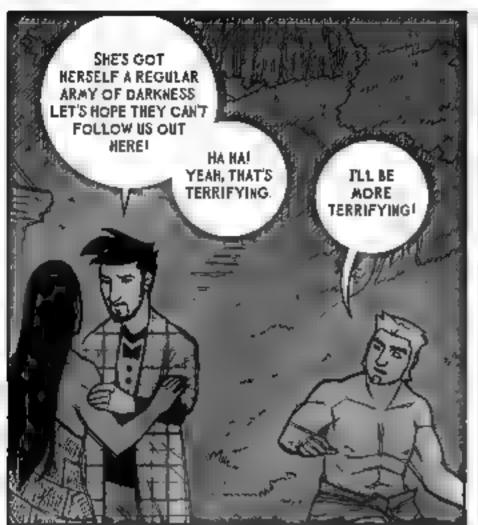










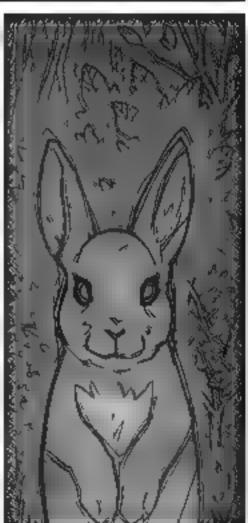


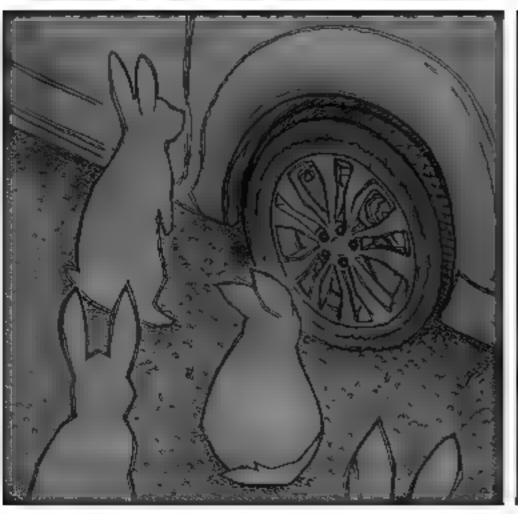






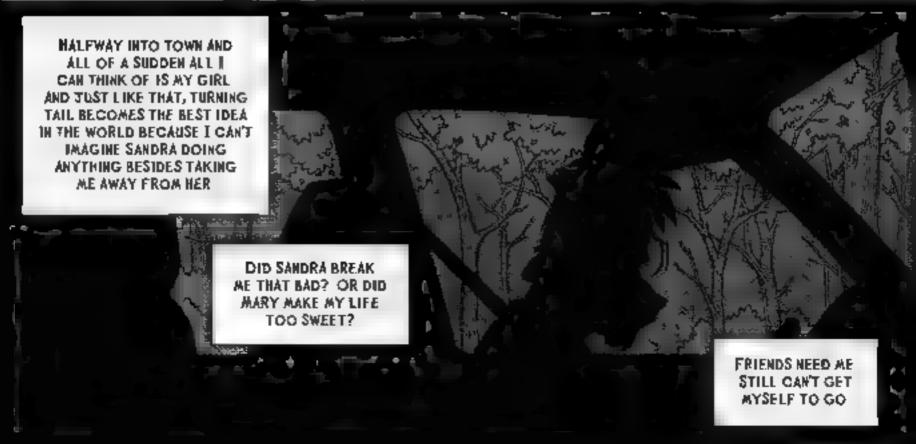




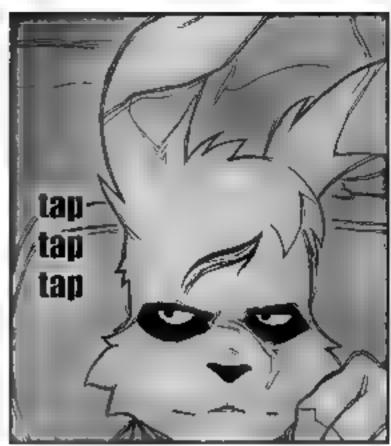




































AND I KNOW
IT'S NOT FAIR TO
FEEL BETRAYED, BECAUSE
THEY DIDN'T DO ANYTHING.
I'M THE ONE WHO
DISAPPEARED. IM
THE VAMPIRE

BUT
I SEE THEM
WALKING AROUND
LIKE NORMAL, AND I M
LIKE . "WHY DON'T YOU
NOTICE ME? SHOULDN'T
THERE BE SOMETHING?
SOME KIND OF DEEP
CONNECTION THAT
HELPS YOU FIND
ME?"



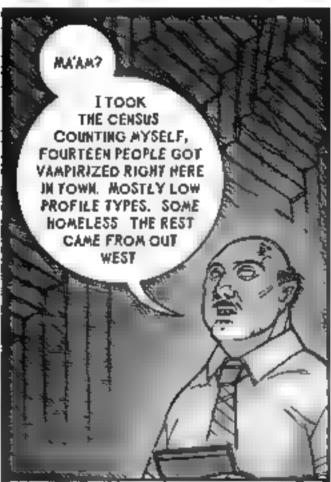
DON'T FEEL
TOO BAD FOR
BLAMING THEM.
THAT'S NATURAL AND IT'S
NOT A REACTION YOU
HAVE TO ELIMINATE
RIGHT AWAY

GO AMEAD
AND NUMOR
YOUR TANTRUM.
IT'LL PASS IF
YOU LET IT

































AS I RECALL.













































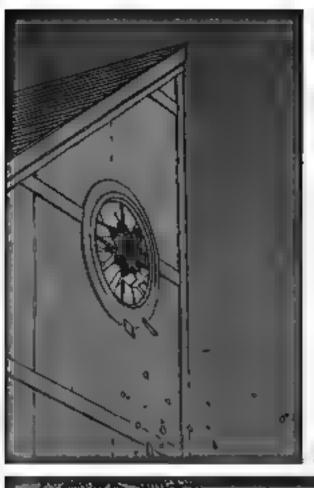


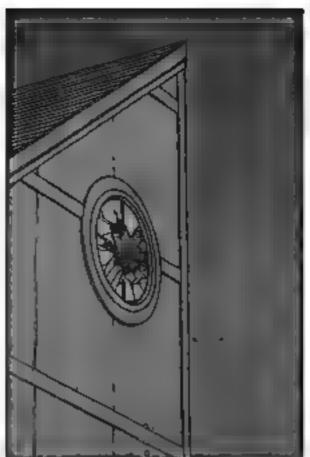


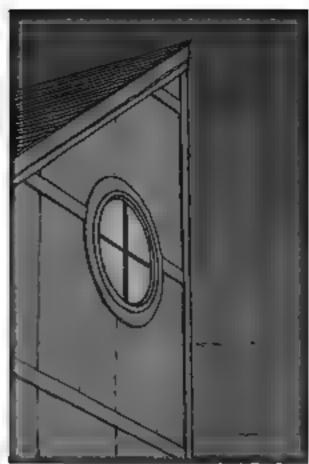














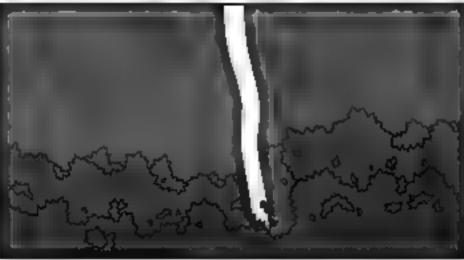














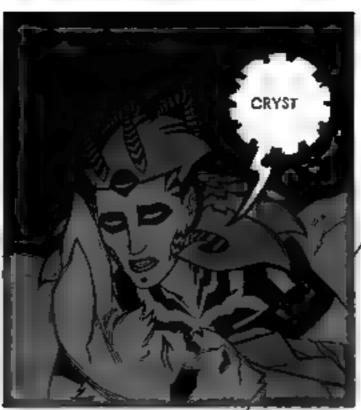








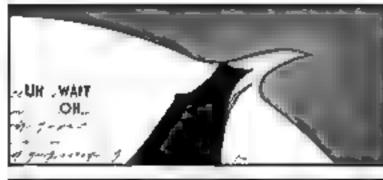


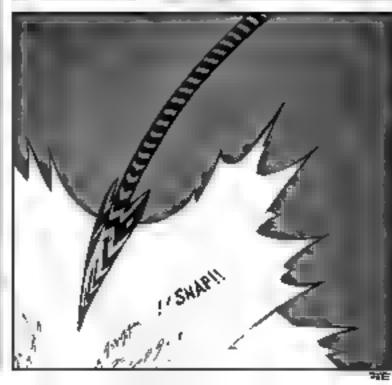


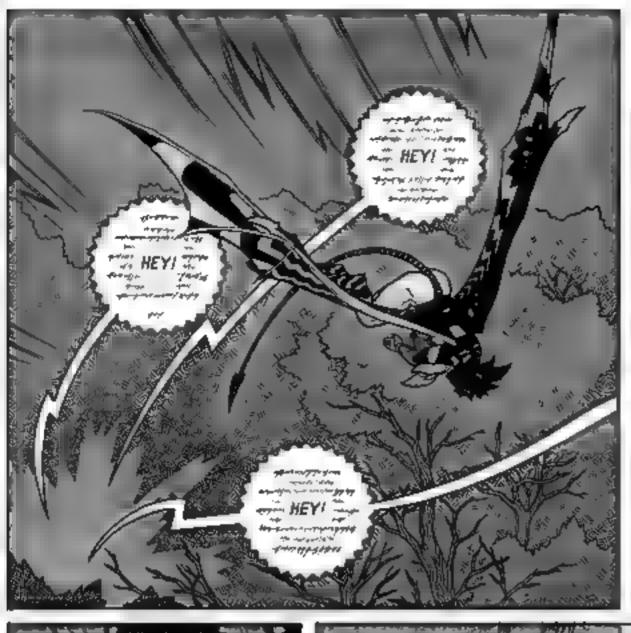






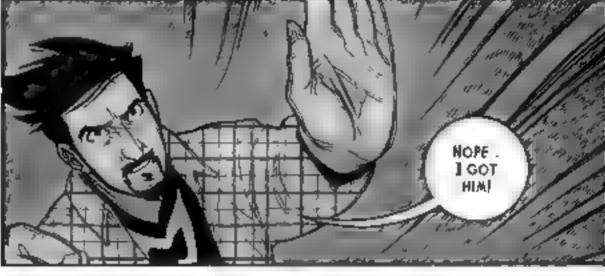




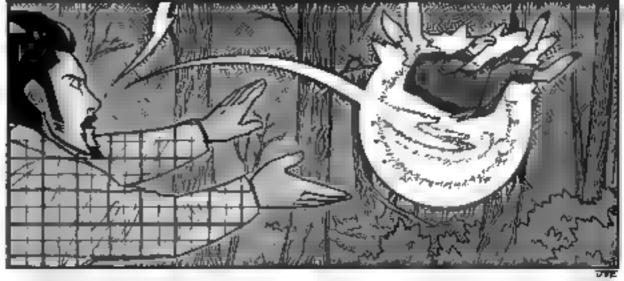


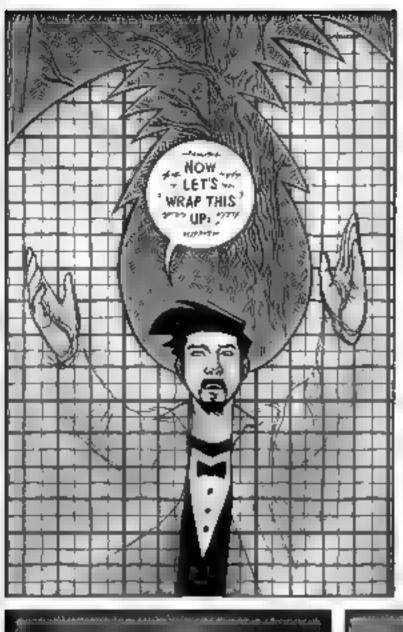




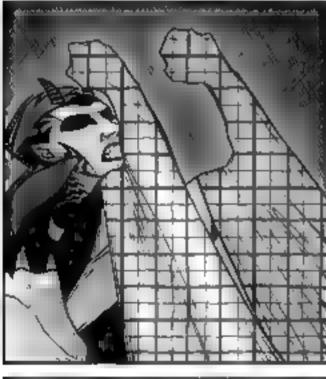










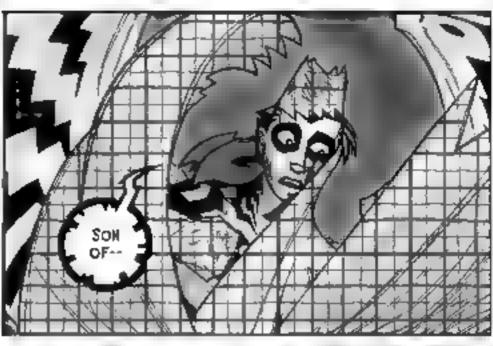


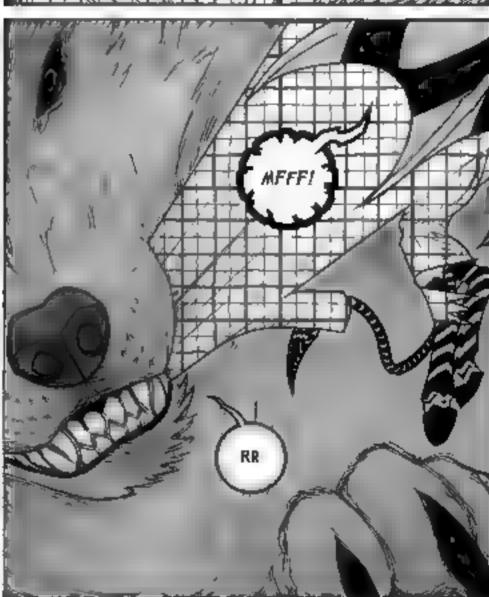




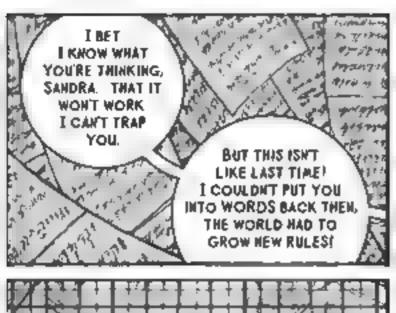


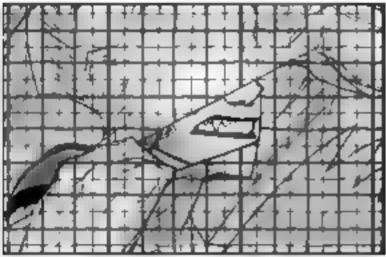












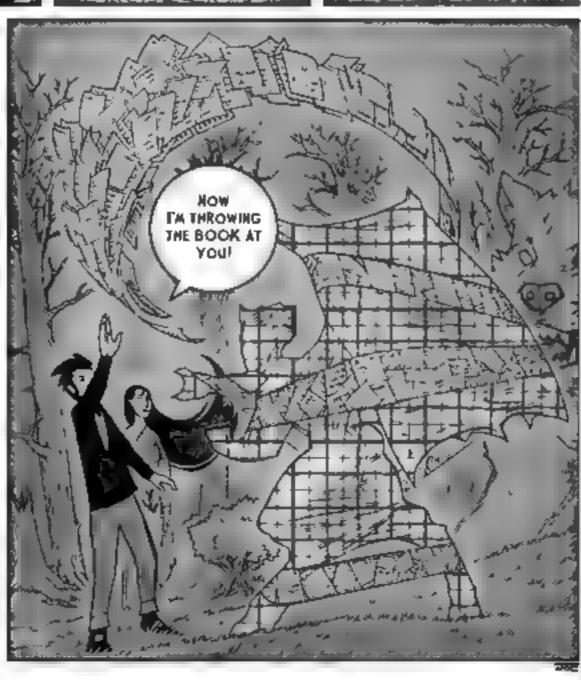




















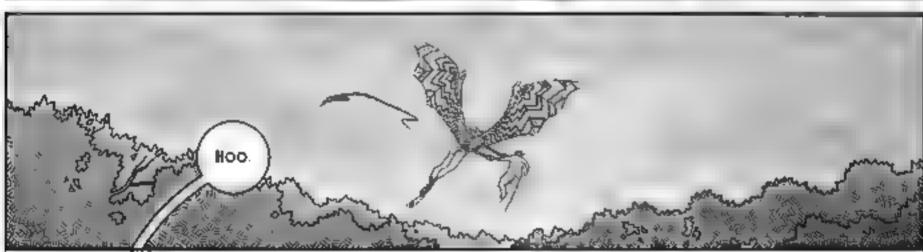






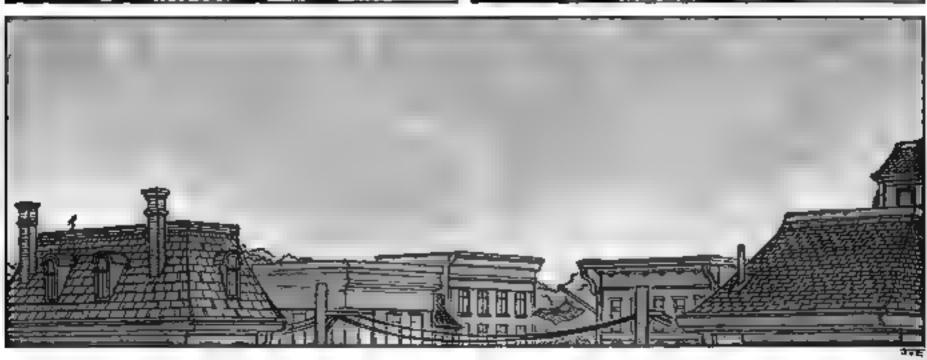






































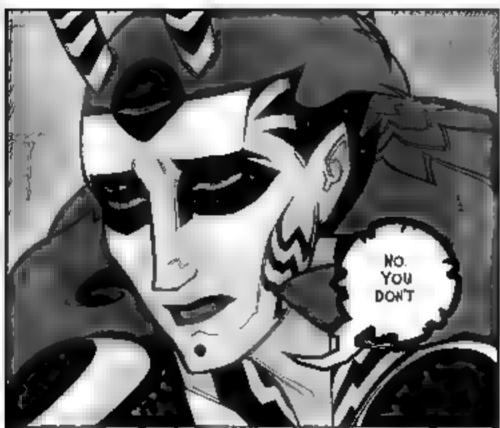




































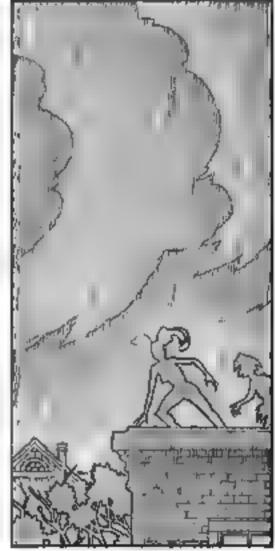


































SORRY SHE'S VERY TACTILE. LOVES SOFT THINGS. AND SHE ASKED, SO ... I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MIND



BUT JUST RELAX, WE'RE SAFE IN THE CABIN BETWEEN CRYSTAL'S FIRST APD AND A LITTLE DIVINATION IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL BE FINE PHYSICALLY, I MEAN .. I DON'T KNOW WHAT "ZANDRA" DID TO YOU, BUT AT LEAST WE MANAGED TO CHASE HER OFF















